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Cheryl:

Two years ago this book in hard cover became top of the best seller list for months. At that time I read a review of it and was impressed. As stated in the review, re-stated on the back of this volume, would be of interest to psychologists. The form is that of a sustained allegorical metaphor. The book is an attempt to prove that buried in every homo sapien male lies a hairy brutish figure which will on occasions take over from the gentile, civilized form life demands. A male is a combination of a Jekyll and Hyde character.

The last time that an allegorical sustained metaphor was a success ~~and success~~ was John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which describes the main character, Christian's travail to find heaven. As I remember it he plowed through the "slough of despond," sometimes on, "The hills of glory", "The valley of death," and so on ad nasuea. However the volume is still rated as a classic. ✓

I floundered, like Christian through the slough of despond, through one hundred pages of this psychology without any of it affecting my psyche -- what ever that part of my id that is.

I do agree, however, that all males have that submerged atavistic trait which at times will change a male personality not necessarily in sexual matters, which now seems to be the focus of all studies, but to quote John Dryden, "Beware the fury of a patient man."

I seldom lose my cool--- but under certain circumstances I can.

On September 27th, 1918 the Canadian Corps attacked and captured the last of the great trench barriers established by the Germans. It was a particularly hairy day for me --- but that's another story.

Our unit had three objects to capture. When our unit finally captured the reserve trench of the enemy I shouted down a dug out door, "Raus Mitt Uns" eight Germans with hands up emerged followed by a staff officer, immaculately clad, his jack-boots could be used as a shaving mirror, his golden braid epaulets designating staff officer rank, shone, his high-peaked hat sat at a jaunty angle, he carried a swagger cane under his left arm. He epitomized the arrogant Prussian officer class which was responsible for the war.

I went berserk. "You bastard," I screamed, "You have been safe, getting your servant to shine you up in your dress uniform, ready to surrender in style, while your men were taking punishment from us, You are no soldier." I threw his hat on the ground and jumped on it, tore off his golden epaulets, smashed his swagger cane across my knee, kicked him in the rear with my hob-nailed boots sending him with his fancy uniform in the mud. ---

Page two follows.

As he joined a group of prisoners being herded back he turned and glared at me.

My friend Coby was doubled over with laughter at my actions. "You had better be prepared if you ever meet him on civvy street," he commented. I had no need to worry. He was killed by a German artillery shell while being interrogated at Brigade headquarters.

I always have felt ashamed of myself at this loss of control. He was unarmed: I had a Lewis machine gun slung from my shoulder, a service revolver in my holster, two Mills handgrenades in a satchel, one in my hand.

However, I felt better years after. I read, *The Cruel Sea*, which was based on the experience of a British Naval officer during the same war. On Armistice Day he had been ordered to take the surrender of a German submarine which would surface at a certain spot. As it did the Commanding German officer opened the hatch and appeared on deck in full dress uniform, as my friend had. The British officer said to a gunner on a light gun, "Part the bastards hair." The gunner placed a small shell a few feet above his head, causing him to automatically throw himself on the muddy filthy deck.

I thought, "If a British Naval Officer and a gentleman can lose his cool, a private of the line in action can be excused such conduct."

I shall be interested to know, if you can mentally digest the contents of this volume. My mental juices could digest only the first hundred pages, and even these produced burps, if more than one chapter was attempted at a reading.

Sincerely yours,



Stanley Noel Smith.

NOT PROOFREAD

P.S. Do not return the book.

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